first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing graundsir, that we should be thus afflicted with these straunge flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardons mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here Comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrach flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your French slop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairly last night.

Ro. Goodmorrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Ro. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours, constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Ro. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Ro. A most curtuous exposition.

Mer. Nay I am the very pinck of curtesie.

Ro. Pinck for flower.

Mer. Right.

Ro. Why then is my pump well flowerd.

Mer. Sure wit follow me this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole singular.

Ro. O

Ro O single soldе ieast, solie singular for the singlenesse.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Ro. Swits and spurs, swits and spurres, or ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wildgoose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the wildgoose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Ro. Thou wast neuer with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieast.

Rom. Nay good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, it is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not then well serud in to a sweete goose?

Mer. Oh heres a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Ro. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee farre and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now then groning for loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature, for this drueling loue is like a great natural that runs lolling vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldst else haue made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Ro. Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.*

A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two two, a shert and a smocke.

Nur. *Peter*:

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My fan *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fans the fairer face.

Nur. God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God